

New York (City) - Folsom galleries

020-N 48

F 73 sub 9

THE FOLSOM GALLERIES

Announce an Exhibition

of

Paintings

By

Roswell Morse Shurtleff

January 2d to 16th, Inclusive

(1914)

At 396 FIFTH AVENUE

Between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets

NEW YORK

18837

Exhibition of Paintings

By

Roswell Morse Shurtleff

A Painter of the Adirondacks

WITH all due respect to art that comes from across the seas, we must still recognize that this continent teems with natural beauty as inspiring to painter or poet as any the world affords.

We may treasure the products of past times and far climes, but only by cultivating its own garden of art can America hope to affect vitally the tastes of its growing millions, or to achieve a worthy place among the nations that humanity delights to honor.

As we cherish the remembrance of the pioneers who led the way in taming a new continent, rendering it materially fruitful, so should we revere those who have led the van in an esthetic sense, and among them, those artists who have recorded in pictorial form the grandeur and charm of mountain and valley, forest and field, through the brilliant seasons of this Western world.

When some phases of European art are developing signs of decadence, through all manner of incoherences and aberrations, it is gratifying to find in the paintings of so true a lover of nature as

Roswell Morse Shurtleff the wholesome delight we feel in visiting the silent woods or breezy mountain-sides. Coming of "Mayflower" and New England ancestry, the painter was born at Rindge, New Hampshire, on the 14th of June, 1838, and while, with his seventy-sixth birthday approaching, we might venture to place him among the "old" masters, the buoyancy of his spirits and the freshness of his later works savor of a youthfulness such as was manifested by that delightful painter-poet, Corot, whose art never grew old.

It was my privilege to visit Shurtleff at his comfortable lodge and studio in Keene Valley, Adirondacks, during the autumn of 1912. Near by, the artist has preserved an ample area of virgin forest with the primeval rocks and boulders scattered hither and thither, and where, without going far from his own doorstep, he can find a wealth of sympathetic subjects.

One bright day in October, when the sunshine turned the forest into a mass of shimmering gold, Shurtleff took me for a trip up the valley to lower Au Sable Lake, and to the wild gorge near by into which Rainbow Falls comes down in sheets of irides-

cent mist and foam. As we were picking our way over the tangle of logs and rocks, the painter told me of his first visits to the Adirondack country in 1858, and of his subsequent returns with Wyant, Tryon, and others. "I shall never forget my first glimpse of Keene Valley," said Shurtleff. "We had stayed over night at Elizabethtown, had an early start, and as we reached the top of Spruce Hill and began to descend, the valley, hardly yet touched by the rising sun, the mountains beyond flecked with cloud shadows and the luxuriant foliage of early summer seen through the moving mists, made it seem like a veritable fairy land." And such to the painter it has always remained.

In the interval of the Secession War, where Shurtleff was the first Union officer wounded and captured in a reconnoiter near Hampton, Virginia, he spent a long period in the prison hospitals of the South. He still has in his possession the blood-stained flag he was carrying at the time, and which was used to stanch his wounds. It was returned to him some twenty-five years later by his captor, Colonel Sandidge of New Orleans. A keen sportsman, his excursions with rod and gun have often resulted in suggesting fresh subjects for his pencil, and he knows the woods and hills

as only one who has spent long seasons under canvas can know them.

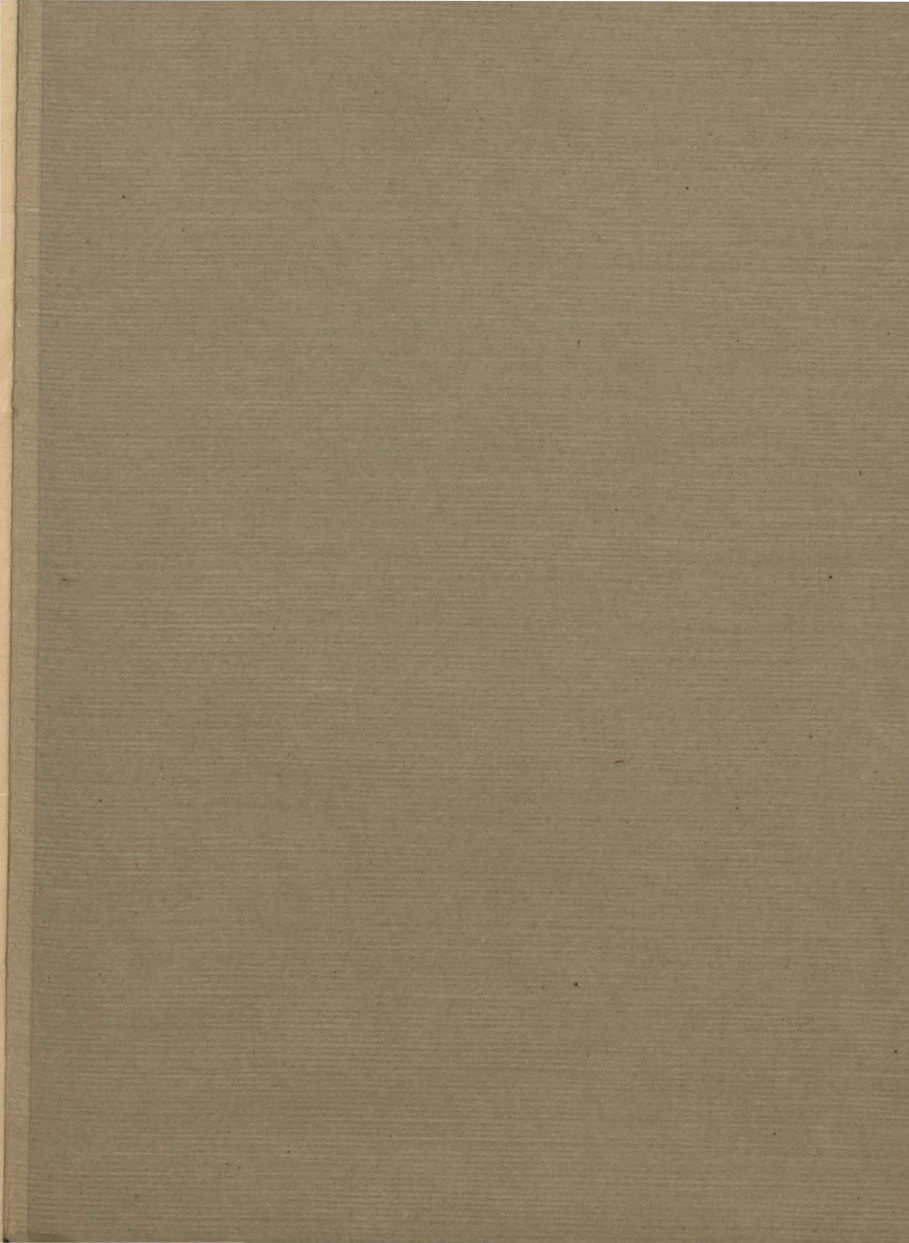
It is this close communion with nature in her varied moods that has kept his spirit and art so young. He still has that precious ambition of the true artist, the hope of making each new canvas "the best he has yet done." Represented by works that are classics in the best sense of the word in the Corcoran Gallery and National Collection at Washington, as well as in the art museums of a number of American cities, his paintings are also found in many private collections from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The recipient of many honors, his principal delight is in the expression of the natural beauty he so keenly enjoys in forest glades, and under the open sky.

This exhibition of some recent examples of his art offers an exceptional opportunity for sharing the artist's enjoyment of some choice vistas in the Adirondack woods and hills; while museums and collectors who do not already possess "a Shurtleff" will be enabled to add one to their treasures, without which no collection of American paintings of the later nineteenth and early twentieth century can be considered complete.

ROBERT J. WICKENDEN.

LIST OF TITLES

- 1 MOUNTAIN MISTS
- 2 IN THE SHADOW OF A BIG ROCK
- 3 AUTUMN FOREST
- 4 OLD WOOD ROAD
- 5 THE FOREST PRIMEVAL
- 6 THE GIANT OF THE VALLEY, EVENING
- 7 IN THE WILD WOOD
- 8 THE AU SABLE RIVER FROM THE WYANT
STUDIO
- 9 FOREST NEAR UPPER AU SABLE
- 10 SUNLIGHT AND SHADE
- 11 OCTOBER
- 12 A SUNNY MORNING
- 13 OCTOBER SNOW
- 14 DOWN THE BROOK
- 15 MOUNT PORTER
- 16 BY THE WAYSIDE
- 17 PATH TO THE WOODS
- 18 MOUNT BAXTER
- 19 MORNING
- 20 THE AU SABLE LAKE
- 21 AUTUMN
- 22 MORNING AFTER SNOW
- 23 SUNLIT WOODS
- 24 KEENE VALLEY
- 25 THE FIRST SNOW



FRICK ART REFERENCE LIBRARY



3 1072 00146494 2